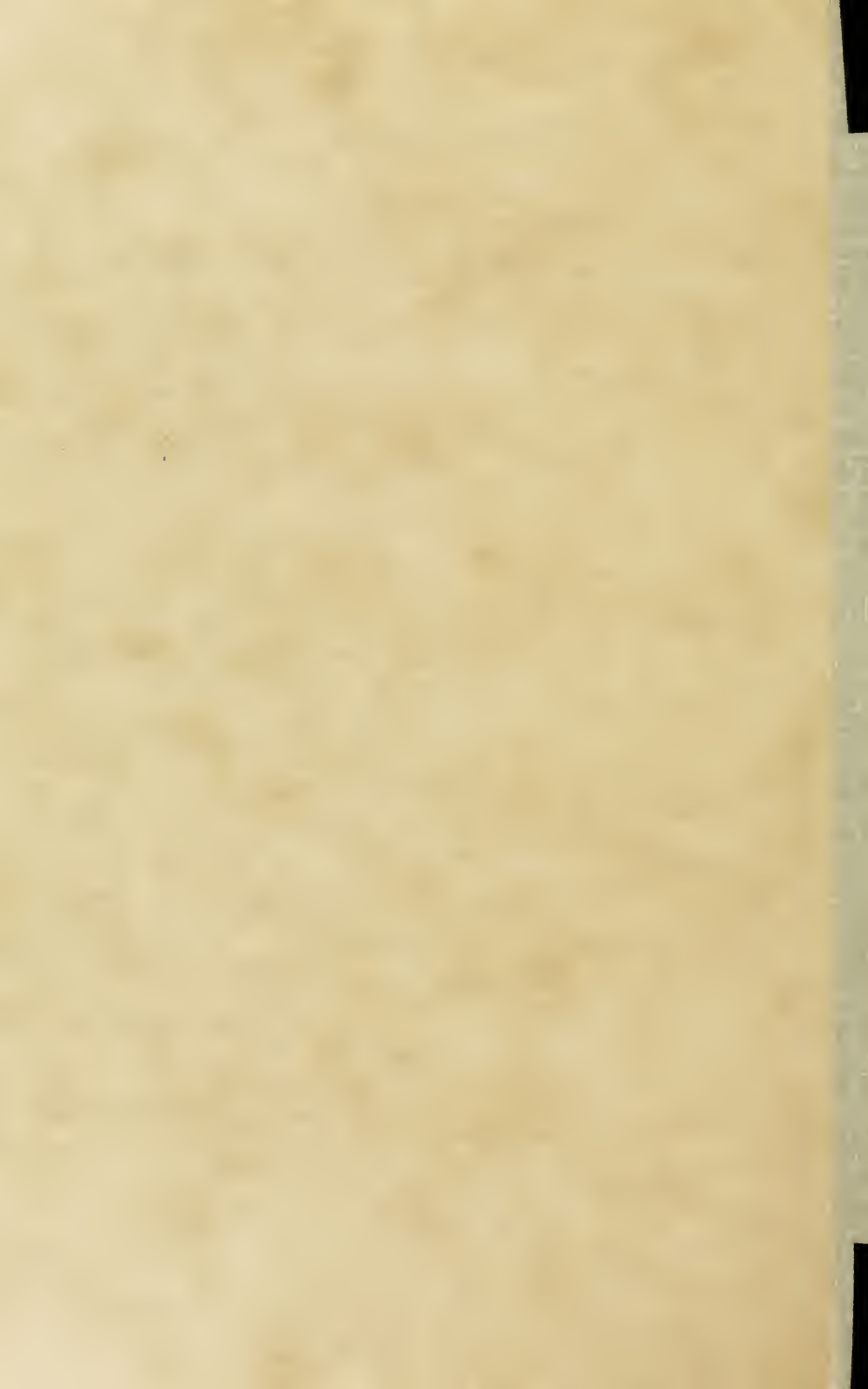


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KHOVANCHINA

FRED. RULLMAN, INC.

17 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY
THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION

KNABE PIANO USED EXCLUSIVELY

KHOVANCHTCHINA

(THE KHOVANSKYS)

Khovanshchina,

A NATIONAL MUSIC DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS

by

M. MOUSSORGSKY

~~by~~

(*Musorgski*)

English Version by

ROSA NEWMARCH

G. RICORDI & CO.

NEW YORK

CHARACTERS

PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY—

Chief of the Guards (Archers) *Bass*

PRINCE ANDREW KHOVANSKY—his son . . . *Tenor*

PRINCE VASSILY GALITSIN *Tenor*

THE BOYARD, SHAKLOVITY *Baritone*

DOSITHEUS, leader of the Old Believers . . . *Bass*

MARTHA, a young widow, an Old Believer . . . *Mezzo-Soprano*

A SCRIVENER *Tenor*

EMMA, a young girl from the German quarters . . *Soprano*

VARSONOFIEV, attendant to GALITSIN *Baritone*

KOUZKA, an archer *Bass*

1st	}	Archers of the Guard (Streltsy)	{	<i>Bass</i>
2nd	}		{	<i>Tenor</i>
3rd	}		{	<i>Tenor</i>

STRESHNIEV *Tenor*

SUSANNE, an Old Believer *Soprano*

Archers, Old Believers, Maids-in-Waiting, Persian Slaves of Prince Ivan, Petrovsky-Poteshny (bodyguards of Peter the Great) Populace

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

The Red Square in Moscow — Sunrise. Time — 1682.

KOUZKA, an archer, is sleeping on guard, but is awakened by a passing group of archers who boast of their exploits of the night. A SCRIVENER appears and is soon engaged to write a letter at the dictation of the BOYARD SHAKLOVITY. It is addressed to the Tsar and is a warning that PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY and his son ANDREW are plotting to raise rebellion in the empire and seize the throne for ANDREW. They are interrupted by the arrival of PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY with his guards, who tells the people he is determined to crush the enemies of the crown, and to suppress treason. He orders the archers to patrol the city. The procession and the crowd depart. EMMA enters followed by PRINCE ANDREW who attempts to kiss her notwithstanding her repulses. She is given respite from his unwelcome advances by the arrival of MARTHA, a cast-off love of the Prince. She upbraids ANDREW who angrily attacks her with his dagger. MARTHA parries his thrust with her own dagger. The contest is stopped without damage to either by the return of PRINCE IVAN and his archers. The father is attracted to EMMA and orders his archers to take her away and guard her. PRINCE ANDREW attempts to kill her rather than lose her but his blow is stayed by DOSITHENS (leader of the Old Believers). Peace is again restored and EMMA departs in the care of MARTHA. The Princes leave and the Old Believers kneel in prayer.

ACT II

A summer apartment in the home of PRINCE GALITSIN. Late evening.

The prince is reading a letter from the Tsarevna, but despite its endearing tenor he is distrustful of her sincerity. His attendant announces the arrival of MARTHA for whom he has sent to tell his future. She tells him that he is surrounded by false friends and that disgrace and exile is his destiny. Enraged by this prediction the Prince orders his attendant to have her drowned at once. PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY enters unannounced and complains bitterly at the high-handed manner in which PRINCE GALITSIN is treating the nobility. Their argument is interrupted by DOSITHENS who tells them that the salvation of the country is in a return to ancient ideals and customs. The song of the Old Believers is heard in the distance. MARTHA rushes in abruptly asking for protection against the attendant who had tried to drown her at PRINCE GALITSIN'S order. The arrival of the bodyguard of Peter the Great had saved MARTHA. The Princes are alarmed at the unexpected appearance of the Tsars Guards. The BOYARD SHAKLOVITY appears to announce that the Tsarevna has proclaimed the KHOVANSKYS traitors.

ACT III

The quarters of the GUARDS. Afternoon.

MARTHA sings of her past love for PRINCE ANDREW and is overheard by SUSANNE who berates her for having sinful thoughts. DOSITHENS who has just left the house of PRINCE ANDREW arrives and comforts MARTHA. After they leave, SHAKLOVITY enters and sings of his hope that Russia may be delivered from its distress. He conceals himself when he hears a chorus of Guards (archers) approach, singing a drinking song. They are followed by their wo-

men folk who scold them for being drunkards and wastrels. The tumult is stopped by the appearance of the SCRIVENER who is exhausted from his precipitous flight from the outskirts of the GUARDS' quarters. He tells them that he has seen foreign soldiers attack women and children. The Tsars own troops arrived and aided them. The GUARDS were beaten back. In consternation the listeners call for their Captain, PRINCE IVAN, to lead them against the attackers, but he tells them to yield to the will of the Tsar.

ACT IV

Tableau I. Dining hall in home of PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY.

The Prince is being entertained by his maids-in-waiting, but complains that their songs are too dolorous for his mood. VARSONOFIEV arrives with a message of warning from PRINCE GALITSIN but PRINCE IVAN does not heed it and sends for his Persian slaves to dance for him. As the dance ends SHAKLOVITY arrives to invite the Prince to the council meeting of the Tsarevna. As the Prince prepares to leave he is stabbed in the back by SHAKLOVITY.

Tableau II. Moscow—The square in front of the church of Vassily Blajeny

As the people watch, PRINCE GALITSIN passes by in a carriage guarded by troops. He has been banished to exile. DOSITHENS bemoans the fate that has befallen the two Princes. MARTHA and PRINCE ANDREW meet. He commands her to bring EMMA to him. MARTHA tells him that it is futile to search for EMMA, who has been reunited to her lover and is now wed. She also tells him that his own life is threatened. PRINCE ANDREW believes MARTHA is deceiving him. He summons the archers, who enter carrying axes and blocks on which they believe their own heads will fall. PRINCE ANDREW, finally convinced that MARTHA has told him the truth, begs her to save him. They depart to a secret hiding place. The Tsar's troops appear and announce that the archers have been pardoned.

ACT V

A pine-wood. The hermitage. Moonlight.

The Old Believers have gathered at the hermitage and bewail their lost cause. They are persecuted throughout Russia. The quarrels of the Princes have resulted in their downfall. Rather than yield to the soldiers, whose trumpets can be heard approaching, they will perish and thus hope for salvation. DOSITHENS tells them to prepare for death. MARTHA and PRINCE ANDREW join him and the Old Believers as they mount the funeral pyre carrying lighted tapers. The arriving troops fall back in horror at the sight of the flaming funeral pyre.

ACT I

Dawn on the River Moskva

The curtain rises slowly.

Moscow. The Red Square. A stone pillar with brass plates bearing inscriptions. On the right the SCRIVENER'S shelter. From the pillar a chain stretches across the Square. Dawn. A GUARD (archer) sleeping near the pillar.

The rising sun begins to gild the domes of the churches. The bells ring for matins.

SCENE I

The Guards, Kouzka, with the 1st and 2nd Guards

(KOUZKA, near the pillar, half asleep. The trumpet call of the GUARDS is heard behind the scenes.)

Kouzka

Marching on, marching on, to Ivangorod,
There we sapp'd
There we breech'd all the high stone walls
(the patrol enters, and removes chain, trumpets)
There I caught and I kiss'd such a buxom wench.

2nd Guard

Look there! Snoring!

1st Guard

Well, he has earn'd his slumber.
Last night, I tell you, we were busy.

2nd Guard

What were you at?

1st Guard

Why, that clerk, the Council's clerk, whom they call
Ivan Larivon.
Well, he won't breathe again, we stove his ribs in!

2nd Guard

That German, Haden, too, we chased him to the Saviour's
Chapel in the wood and dragg'd him here, then we made
short work of him, I tell you.

(trumpets off stage)

KHOVANCHTCHINA

1st Guard

What a noise out there!

Kouzka

Oh! furious wind spare me, let me slumber.

2nd Guard

Good, sooth 'tis not by silence they show they're ready
to protect the lives of our young Tsars,

1st Guard

from foes within and out,
from crafty boyards, greedy, extortioners who rob the
treasury.

Kouzka

Oh, don't cut my toes off, little trotting toes.

(trumpets off stage)

2nd Guard

"Up there" it threatens!

Kouzka

(jumping up)

What! extortioners? I'm at them!

1st and 2nd Guards

Ha! old Kouzka, famous sentry,
Ha! our watchful, valiant guardian!

1st Guard

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Kouzka

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

The deuce now, what brings you here at midnight?

1st and 2nd Guards

He thinks it still is night!
Why, the sun is up and shining!
Look, yonder comes the Scriv'ner. see.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

SCENE II

The Scrivener; at first the Guards; afterwards Shaklovity

(enter the SCRIVENER cutting a quill)

1st Guard

He cuts his quill.

Kouzka

And what a great inkhorn, Saints above!

2nd Guard

Hark how his pen scrapes!

(they approach the SCRIVENER)

1st and 2nd Guards

Please, your Worship Writer to the Council

(they bow low in mockery)

Would look far better seated on this post!

Kouzka

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

1st and 2nd Guards

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(exit to the Kremlin)

Scrivener

Oh, Sodom and Gomorrah! What evil days!

Shocking times! Yet business is not bad. . . No!

(rubbing his hands)

Shaklovity

(enters)

Hey! Scriv'ner! Come hither!

I bring important business, come!

Scrivener

Good! I am at your service. . . Ready in a flash.

Neatly, clearly, quite correctly,

I'll inscribe a full indictment.

Shaklovity

If thou darest suffer the rack; if thou fearest not the thumbscrew, or the pillory; if thou hast heart from all thy lov'd ones to part for aye; ne'er to see thy home again, then write!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Scrivener

God above!

Shaklovity

But, if by hazard, thou should'st some day meet me, take heed thou seest me not; if thou betray me, God protect thee, Clerk hear'st thou?

Scrivener

Aye, Sir. Go thy way, go thy way now; friend, I pray thee go; for the words, if I mistake not, promise me trouble.

Shaklovity

Now, write, quickly!

Scrivener

See now? A plague upon thee man! Go, get thee hence!

Shaklovity

(produces a purse)

Now write.

Scrivener

Ha! I'll write for thee. I think, friend, the gnats will not sting our noses . . . speak the words!

Shaklovity

"To you, mighty Tsars, to you, Grand Dukes and Princes, to you the autocrats of all the Russias; Great and Little Russia, also White Russia." Is it down?

Scrivener

'Tis written, have no fear. . . . What follows on?

Shaklovity

"This, to warn you, a plot is being hatch'd by the two Khovansky, the Prince Boyard, Ivan conspiring with his son, Prince Andrew, strives to raise rebellion in your Empire."

Scrivener

That should take down his pride, he's too insolent!

Shaklovity

Now read it!

(enter a small group of the Moscow people who pass by singing)

Chorus

Once a gossip met a crony, crony, crony, crony.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Scrivener

(reading)

To you mighty Tsars, Grand Dukes and Princes,

Chorus

Dost thou know me, gossip, gossip, gossip? I didn't know thee.

Scrivener

To you the autocrats of all the Russias; Great and Little,
also White Russia, this to warn you,

Chorus

Gossip seat thee, Crony greet me, Crony, Crony mine—

Scrivener

That a plot is being hatch'd by the two Khovanskys,
the Prince Boyard,

Chorus

Lend me a groat, — Gossip, gossip mine! —

Scrivener

Ivan, conspiring with his son Prince Andrew,
Strives to raise rebellion in your Empire.

Chorus

Here's a rou-ble — Gossip stuck it in her pocket. . . .

Shaklovity

Now, continue! "His plot is spreading through the whole of Russia, throughout the land, through villages and cities, working ill among our troops and leaders, and wak'ning discontent a-mong the peasants. . . . And when the land is all ablaze, he means to carry out his scheme by aid of the sect that are called the Old Believers, and place on Moscow's throne his son, Prince Andrew.

Scrivener

Woe! Disaster! I'm ruined, past pardon or pity! When Prince Khovansky learns of this letter. . . . God above! What awful torment, what cruel ling'ring death will await me!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Guards

(chorus behind the scenes)

Ho, bravo! . . . Ho, good fellows . . . Ho! we archers,
free fighters ! Ho! We firebrands, hard smiters! Ho!
Be jolly! Won't we raise a hue and cry!

Shaklovity

(listening)

The soldiers! Listen!

The soldiers.

(he wraps himself in his cloak and moves away from the pillar)

Scrivener

Hark! Rushing full speed this way!

(hastily hiding the letter)

(the GUARDS pass at the back of the stage)

Guards

Not a man will dare to stop us, woe to those who meet
us! Come, be jolly! Won't we raise a hue and cry!

Ho! drive them out with fire and slaughter.

Chase them, slay them! . . .

Shaklovity

They're gone, hearest thou Scriv'ner?

There! Hearest thou?

(SHAKLOVITY considers his denunciation)

Scrivener

Keep silence! Oh hush!

(grows calmer)

Thanks be thine, O God above! The devils have made
off. Ah, how I loathe the rascals! 'Tis beyond believ-
ing! They are not human; merciless tigers, leaving
tracks of blood. Would you stay them? Off with your
head! Our homes resound with groaning. And all this
is done in the name of order.

Shaklovity

Silence! Quickly take up the pen! "And now we live
out of sight like dead men; but when God shall give
back peace to this our land, my name shall be reveal'd
to you."

Scrivener

(reading)

"Like dead men . . . reveal'd to you" . . . 'Tis finished!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Shaklovity

(taking the letter)

May Heav'n protect and keep thee, scribe.
Beware; silence.

Scrivener

Sir, why dost thou threaten? It stirs me to anger. Who is this strutting peacock, this bird of gaudy plumage, so fine and grand, who hopes to frighten me?

Shaklovity

Nay, then! Seek not to learn my name, ask not who employ'd thee. O, urge me not to tell that which must be secret. Curs'd thro' all the ages are the overcurious, the Devils inquisitors. Farewell.

(exit)

Scrivener

May your path be pleasant! Farewell. There's a funny fellow. He's not one to give a poor Scriven'r credit. Surely, he's a man of fortune and repute, for this is how he turns his nose up. But still, as I see things, tho' he is great and wealthy, and I'm a wretched creature, my poor wits are sharper. Yes, I, a worm despised, have my wits about me; so, below I've writ the name of one, the late Ananiev, dead folk can feel no disgrace.

SCENE III

At first the Scrivener alone, then the Populace, the Guards and Prince Ivan Khovansky. Chorus: Greeting to Khovansky

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

(behind the scenes)

His Highness comes!

Chorus of the Populace

(behind the scenes)

Welcome! Welcome!

Glory, Honour and praise!

Glory, Honour, Glory and praise!

Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

Glory, Honour and praise!

Now haste ye women, now begin to start a song . . .

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Chorus

Glory! . . .

(in the wings)

Welcome! Hip hurrah!

Scrivener

If that cruel tiger's coming, I'll be wise and flee before him.

(exit)

Chorus of the Populace

His . . . Highness . . . comes.

Glory, Honour and praise!

Glory, Honour!

Glory, glory and praise!

Glory . . . !

(men appear on the stage)

Now haste ye women, now begin to sing your song.

(women appear on the stage)

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

His Highness comes. . . .

Chorus of the Populace

Welcome! Welcome!

(trumpets draw near)

Welcome! Hip hurrah! make way! make way!

The Prince passes, stand back, stand back, the Prince passes by!

Glory, glory, White swan.

... thou snow white swan! Glorious, famous
Prince Boyard

(on the stage)

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

Our Prince is at hand.

Chorus of the Populace

Make way, stand back, the Prince passes! Make way,
stand back, Glory, Honour, long live our noble Prince,
long live Prince Ivan,

The Prince passes by! Glory, Glory, white swan thou
snow white swan, honour, praise and glory!

Stand back, make way for the Prince Ivan!

. . . Glory! Place, place for him! room for the Prince.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Guards and Chorus

Place for him, place and honour!

(to the people)

Listen all ye Orthodox, listen, ye Russian folk while the Prince speaks to you. Keep silence, give attention; His Highness comes.

(enter PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY with easy gait and an arrogant air)
(behind him come the CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS and the grandees of Moscow)

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Children. . . . All ye my folk! Moscow, Russia, too (God preserve us) are now in confusion, because of the traitor boyards and the shameless evil doers. Come, give answer?

Chorus of the Populace

Yes, yes, 'tis true, your Highness!

Truly, truly! The times are hard.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Therefore, we took upon us the heavy task of crushing the enemies of both our youthful Tsars (God preserve us). Is this true?

Chorus of the Populace

Yes, yes! Highness, father! Glory, noble Prince!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

(to the Guards)

Guards, my soldiers, are you ready? Then go, make your rounds and patrol all Moscow, by order of the Emp'rors.

(to all present—trumpets on stage)

Sing our praise.

(exit PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY, accompanied by the soldiers and people)

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

All is ready, Highness.

Chorus of the Populace

Glory, silver swan, glory snowy swan, Glory to thee our Prince, glory to his Highness!

See him pass, swan-like moving, God give him riches, long life and glory. Glory snow white swan, glory snow white swan, praise to our Prince Boyard. Glory to his Highness.

Glory, glory, glory our Highness.

Glory, glory, glory our Highness.

(trumpets on stage)

KHOVANCHTCHINA

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus
The Prince goes by!

Chorus of the Populace
Glory, snow white swan!

Guards, Kouzka and Chorus
His Highness goes by, his Highness goes by.

Chorus of the Populace
Glory, glory to thee our Highness!
See him pass, swan-like moving glory! Prince we greet
thee! See him pass, swan-like moving! God give thee
riches, long life and glory. Glory snow white swan,
glory snow white swan, glory, O boyard Prince!

Guards, Kouzka and Chorus
Make way, he comes! His Highness comes!
(exit)

(behind the scenes from afar)
His Highness comes! His Highness comes!

Chorus of the Populace
Glory to his Highness!
(exit)
(from afar)
(behind the scenes—very distant)

Praise and honour to his Highness.

SCENE IV

Prince Andrew Khovansky, Emma, afterwards Martha

(At the back of the stage, facing the spectators, appear PRINCE ANDREW KHOVANSKY and EMMA; the Prince tries embrace her)

Emma
Mercy, mercy! O leave me in peace! Let me go!
Ah, shameless! No, no, no!

Prince Andrew Khovansky
The timid dove may not escape from the falcon's grip.

Emma
Hear me then! I know thee well: Thou art Khovansky.
Thou did'st put my father to death; thou had'st my lover

KHOVANCHTCHINA

exiled; thou did'st turn away from my poor mother's piteous plea for mercy. What fails thee? Am I not in thy hands? Strike now, slay me outright!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Ah, my sweet maiden, anger becomes thee; so looks the mother bird, defending her fledgling brood. Say that thou lovest me my fairest child! Ah, do not hide from me those lovely eyes, worlds of radiant light. . . .

Emma

Pursue me not, Prince, rather slay me!

More welcome death than thy love. Yes, kill me!

(MARTHA enters quietly and watches EMMA and PRINCE ANDREW from behind a column)

Prince Andrew Khovansky

O, come to me. O, be my love! Emma!

Martha

(with mockery)

O, go to him! O, be his love!

Emma

Help me God! Prince Andrew, cease! O, leave me, O, leave me! For I choose rather death than thy love! Yes, kill me!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Nay, nay, who ever saw the dove escape the falcon's talons!

Emma

To the rescue!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Nay, girl, I'll win thee!

Emma

Help, help me!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

(roughly)

Who will help thee?

(MARTHA appears before them)

Martha

I am here!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

(dumbfounded)

Martha!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Martha

So, 'tis thus, Prince thou keepest thy faith with me! All too soon hast thou wearied of my love for thee; yet didst thou promise, O, my Prince devotion unchanging and true.

Prince Andrew Khovansky

... The Devil brings her here, hateful sorceress!

Martha

False untimely vows of constancy eternal: Now, wilt thou not repent thy youthful sins? Time must come when breaking women's hearts will pall. Has a nobleman no worthier work to do, than to toy with trusting girls deceiving them?

Prince Andrew Khovansky

... Begone, lest in wrath I strike thee dead! My pretty child, now hear a tale about a gay and handsome youth. When his mistress had plagued him sore, until he tir'd of her, and determin'd with no more ado, to rid himself of her

(flings himself on MARTHA with a dagger)

by means of a dagger sharp and long.

Emma

... Ah!

Martha

(quickly draws a knife from under her cloak and parries the blow)

Nay, Prince, two players can play this game! But, not in such wise shalt thou meet thy destiny, my Prince. 'Tis not written that my hand should send thee to thy last account.

Emma

Wicked monster, worst of men!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Satan's self has sent her to torture and punish me.

Martha

(with ecstasy)

Deep in my heart I can hear the awful voice of Fate; Far o'er the hills I can see a cloister with shining lights!

Emma

O, she has sav'd me; but I am powerless to save her!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Ah, if my dagger had but silenced her forever!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

SCENE V

The same, Prince Ivan Khovansky, Guards and the Populace

(1ST, 2ND and 3RD GUARDS, KOUZKA and CHORUS; and CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE behind the scenes)

Martha

Around its radiant portals, flock happy souls released.

(PRINCE ANDREW KHOVANSKY stands listening)

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

(distantly)

His Highness comes!

Chorus of the Populace

(distantly)

Glory, snow white swan!

(trumpets off stage)

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

(coming nearer)

His Highness himself!

(trumpets nearer)

Chorus of the Populace

(coming nearer)

Glory, greeting to thee, O Highness!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

My father here?

Emma

(to MARTHA)

Who comes?

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

(coming on the scene)

Glory, Prince, we greet thee. Glory!

Martha

The Prince himself!

Emma

O God, my Refuge and my Shield!

Chorus of the Populace

(coming on the scene)

Glory silver swan, glory snow white swan! Praise to our
Prince Boyard, Glory to his Highness! See him pass,
swan like moving. Greeting, noble Boyard!

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

Glory snow white swan, glory snow white swan.

Greeting, glory noble Prince!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Prince Ivan Khovansky

What is this! Andrew here?

(to MARTHA in passing)

Good greeting Martha.

(to ANDREW)

You're not alone? This maiden is fresh and bonny, she takes my fancy. . . . Guards, surround and guard this girl!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Stay! stay! I will never give her up to be the sport of your vile doings!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

What mean these words?

(aside)

God preserve us! What say you?

Ho, guards, obey! Off with her!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Touch her not, men!

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

We know not, Highness, whom we must obey?

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Prince, father mine!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Am I no longer commander of my soldiery? Am I no more his father? Does he disobey my orders? What?

Prince Andrew Khovansky

. . . Prince, father mine!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Who now is our leader? Who now dares oppose my commands? In the name of the rulers of the Empire, the mighty Tsars of the Russia.

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Father, stay!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Soldiers, obey! at once remove without demur this Lutheran, obey, guards, and wait my further orders!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

You shall not take her living!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

SCENE VI

The same, with Dosithens and the Old Believers

Dosithens

(staying PRINCE ANDREW's hand)

Stop! Thou, possess'd of Satan, what means this frenzied rage?

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Who dares dispute me? . . .

Emma

(to DOSITHENS)

Whosoe'er thou art have mercy and save me!

O, leave me not to die! Mercy!

Dosithens

Martha, do thou lead home the Lutheran, and be her trusty guardian by the way belov'd daughter.

Martha

(bending low before him)

Father, give me thy blessing.

(leads EMMA quickly away)

Dosithens

Peace be thine! And thou, possess'd of Satan, once more I ask, what means this furious rage? The hour of darkness draweth on, when souls shall perish; for Pride now reigns! Pride, that destroys true faith, works like a poison, and breeds schism, and falsehood and apostasy from the one living Church of Russia. Brethren, friends, 'tis time we become more zealous and orthodox, and if need be, to suffer martyrdom. The tongue may sing . . . and the heart be cold. . . . Can we yet preserve the old faith? Help us, all ye true believers!

(he bows himself humbly)

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Guards! To the Kremlin! Place all under arrest! Be vigilant; let none leave the Kremlin; see the gates are well guarded. God watch over Moscow! Now trumpets sound! Andrew shall be your valiant chief!

1st, 2nd and 3rd Guards, Kouzka and Chorus

We'll die for faith and country!

(trumpets of the GUARDS sound on stage, the people group themselves in perplexity)

(PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY goes out with the GUARDS; PRINCE ANDREW KHOVANSKY follows with drooping head. Trumpets growing fainter and fainter)

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Dosithens

God, our Help! O, let not the hostile powers triumph!
Father! suffer not that thy Holy Word be blasphemed
by the foes of Thy faithful sons!

(the bell of IVAN VELIKY)

Brethren, I am sad! Ah, may we save the faith? Sing
we, brethren, sing now the Hymn of renunciation; let
us face death.

Old Believers

Saviour keep us from the falsehood of the Evil One.
From Antichrist save us, Good Lord!
Saviour all powerful, keep us safe from the falsehood of
the Evil One. From all the wiles and snares of Antichrist,
save us, Good Lord!

Dosithens

(sadly)

Father, to thee will I open my heart.

(follows the others off stage)

Old Believers

(behind the scenes)

Lord, our Help, Bless us.

(very faintly)

Succour us!

CURTAIN

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE I

Prince Galitsin alone, and presently Varsonofiev

A summer apartment in the home of PRINCE VASSILY GALITSIN, furnished partly in Western, partly in Muscovite style. The room gives on to a garden; pretty creepers trained between stone pillars. Late evening; dusk. Candles alight on the desk. The Prince is reading a letter.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

(reading)

Greeting dearest Vassienka, greeting dear one, my own! As yet I scarce can believe that so soon I shall see thee again, beloved. How glad, how great the day that will restore me to thine arms, O thou, my joy and sunshine! We came afoot from Vozdvijenska . . . only despatches from the boyards and from thee. . . . As yet, I cannot say when we arrive. The Tsarevna, in spite of all her cares, and guardianship of both young Tsars, still is possess'd by ardent love; still dreams by day and night of passionate hours long since departed. (*rises*)

Should I trust a woman's vows? A woman full of ambition and pow'rful? Doubt is ever wisest. . . . Yes, doubt is best! (*lost in thought*) No, never will I yield myself to the vain, elusive remembrance of departed love and dalliance. True, (*with some sarcasm*) I should rejoice if I could trust her, but not without some reservations; let disfavor follow passion, and then heads meet with axes! So, be cautious, Hetman Prince. . . .

(enter VARSONOFIEV)

Who's there?

Varsonofiev

Illustrious Prince.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Who needs me? Speak.

Varsonofiev

The sor'cess whom you desir'd me to summon yesterday is here.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Have you your wits about you,¹ or have you sent them wool gath'ring, idiot?

Varsonofiev

My Prince, forgive a slip of the tongue. I mean the woman who so often comes for your assistance.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Yes, that is right. Bring her!

SCENE II

Prince Galitsin and Martha, afterwards Varsonofiev

(MARTHA enters quietly as usual)

Martha

Prince, when I cross thy threshold I suspect an ambush, thy servants are so watchful.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

True, but the times are so dang'rous; full of deceit, crime and treason; and which of us can say what the future may bring him.

(superstitiously)

We tremble by day and night; our lives are in peril.

Martha

Prince, shall I not reveal thy future destiny? Invoke for thee the hidden spirits of the earth? Speak, Prince?

Prince Vassily Galitsin

But how?

Martha

Bid them to bring us water.

(The Prince rings, enter VARSONOFIEV)

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Bring water to drink. . . .

(VARSONOFIEV pours water into a silver bowl and presents it)

Begone!

(exit VARSONOFIEV)

Martha

Powers mysterious, powers invincible, spirits departed hence, lost to mortal sight. Lo, I call ye! Spirits of drowned men, wraiths of wreck'd mariners, spirits who know the dread secrets of ocean graves, are ye here? Unto this trembling Prince, pale with expectancy, deign to reveal his fate; lift from futurity the dark'ning veil.

(gazing into the water)

Peaceful and calm grows the atmosphere . . . magical radiance now enfolds it. Spirits of mystery, ye have replied to me! Highness, your destiny clearly now reveals itself; I see thee, surrounded by false, yet smiling friends; near and nearer they draw on to hem thee in; Prince,

KHOVANCHTCHINA

thou dost know these traitors well. Now, to a dark, distant road they are pointing. . . . All is clear the trust is unfolded.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Fear not, speak!

Martha

Highness. I see that disgrace is approaching thee, I behold thee exiled afar; I see thee depriv'd of thy riches and honors forevermore. Nor fame in the past nor thy splendor, nor even thy wisdom can save thee Prince. . . . Thy fate is decreed. Thou shalt know all the pangs and the suff'rings of hunger, and feel all the hardships of want; till the bitter, uncomforted tears of exile have taught thee what is truth.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Go!

(MARTHA retires slowly, looking around her)
(PRINCE GALITSIN rings. Enter VARSONOFIEV)

At once, have her drown'd in "the marsh."

See no scandal is talk'd.

(MARTHA hearing the Prince's last words hastens away. Exit VARSONOFIEV)

SCENE III

Prince Galitsin alone; afterwards Prince Ivan Khovansky

Prince Vassily Galitsin

So this is my future destiny! This was the cause of my strange depression. Degradation, misery, await me; my life's ambition, all my hopes, are ruin'd! Not so long ago my fortunes seem'd asur'd, and I dreamt of building up a happier Russia. The Boyards acknowledge me their master; our good relations with the states of Europe encouraged hopes of lasting peace for Russia. . . . Western nations watch'd and grew respectful, that time I led our war worn troops against the Poles, and broke the pride of their insolent nobles. Then, at Androusovo where, from the grip of greedy hands, I tore back pastures and fruitful fields, restoring them to Russia, all dyed with blood of those who fell to win them. Soon all will be as dust, forgotten. Russia, holy land, how long the tartar blight doth overshadow thee!

(enter PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY)

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Prince Ivan Khovansky

I enter'd unannounced, Highness.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Pray take a seat.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Take a seat! (God preserve us) Here's a problem! Since we are depriv'd of all our grandeur; Thou thyself Prince reduced our state, till now we are but serfs. Where may I be seated?

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Come, now, Prince!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Here? Or perhaps, outside on the doormat with thy serfs and valets? Where is my place?

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Prince, it seems strange that thou, the rich and powerful Khovansky, should bewail the fallen fortunes of the nobles.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Come, no more sneers, Galitsin! Thou secure in thy successful scheming caring nought for us, for our honor, make us the sport of ev'ry clerkling.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

What clerks?

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Well, laugh on, Prince, but thy satire is ill-timed.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Whom should I laugh at?

Prince Ivan Khovansky

The Tartar proverb says: "All men are equal." Heads have been known to fall for no great cause. Dost thou propose to copy Tartar customs?

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Prince, art thou mad? What words are these?
Be calmer, Khovansky!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Ha! ha! I touch'd him!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Excuse my sudden burst of anger, Prince Khovansky. Maybe the Boyards are offended by my stern measures; but they are needed; yet 'tis curious that with all these changes thou art overlooked. How then Prince Khovansy, thou, thou the powerful and wealthy noble, leader of the famous Guards, thou, thou the magnate of Moscow, the foremost grandee, before whom all bow their heads in fear and trembling; thou, dost thou speak of being slighted!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Enough, O Prince! Since with patience I have heard thee out, nor checked thee so far in thy abuse and slander, now thou must in turn be patient while I tell my story.

(enter DOSITHENS who stands fixing KHOVANSKY with his eyes)
(GALITSIN bows ironically to KHOVANSKY)

Know'st thou what blood runs in my veins? 'Tis the blood of Gedemin! And, therefore, I will not endure thy presumption and pride. Why so boastful? Answer, if thou can'st, Prince, why so boastful? By Heav'n thou can'st not boast about thy late campaign! Before the fighting, half thine army had dropp'd and died of want.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

(with fury)

What! who gave thee right to judge my actions?

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Ah, a hit! Was it not so?

Prince Vassily Galitsin

My deeds concern thee not, meddle not with me, beware!

SCENE IV

The same characters with Dosithens—

Old Believers behind the scenes

Prince Ivan Khovansky

(angrily)

Dost thou threaten?

Dosithens

Come, Princes, calm yourselves, control your pride and tempers. Your divisions will never save the country. Ask rather that God Almighty may send ye heav'nly wisdom.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Yes, that is well; but first of all let us go back and seek the aim of dispute?

Dosithens

But know ye not my Princes, what will ruin Holy Russia and what alone can save her? Are ye silent?

Prince Vassily Galitsin

T'were well to know our strength. Where lie our forces?

Dosithens

Our strength lies in God and our fervor of faith.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Yes, that we take for granted; but what of other forces?

Dosithens

What other forces can be ours when Christians leave their hearths and homes and wander in diverse places?

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Yes, but the government, what of that?

Dosithens

Let it be based on the ancient books and customs:
'Tis thus that thou should'st teach the people.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Nay! for I have but little love for ancient customs.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Prince, you move fast!

Dosithens

Ah, now we see the traces of those years of foreign schooling! Well, Prince. Let loose on us Teouta, with his savage hordes, like fiends from below, the people hide in marsh and forest, because they fear thy reforms.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Truly, truly, I myself can vouch for this. Often have I reason'd with this proud headstrong Prince. Oft have I said to him: "Prince, respect the good old days"; but he, thou knowest, destroy'd "The Book of Pedigrees."

Old Believers

(behind the scenes, from afar, scarcely audible)

We have triumph'd, we have overcome and driven forth,
and driven forth the sin of heresy . . .

We have triumph'd, we have overcome and driven forth,
and driven forth. . . .

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Dosithens

Awake, ye deaf, give ear to the voice of them who walk
in God's own way.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

Who are these?

Dosithens

Ye, O Boyard, waste your time in flow'ry speeches, but
these are men who act!

Old Believers

(the OLD BELIEVERS accompanied by a crowd of people pass by in solemn procession behind the palings of the garden; they bear their books on their heads)

We have triumph'd, we have overcome and driven forth,
and driven forth the sin of heresy. The root of all the ill
worked by the enemy. We have triumph'd, we have
overcome and destroyed it! We have triumph'd!

(dying away)

We have triumph'd!

(tenor)

The root of ill. . .

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Ha, well done my fearless fellows!

Prince Vassily Galitsin

(agitated)

Who are these folk?

Dosithens

(ecstatically)

We have triumph'd, wiping out the Nikonian doctrine
and all heresy! We have planted vineyards for the Lord.
We have kept the one true faith of old, for the glory
and honor of God who made the world.

Old Believers

(more and more distant)

We have kept the faith.

Prince Vassily Galitsin

(with anger)

Dissenters!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

(boldly)

Bravo! Russia may yet be saved by us and the good old
customs!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

SCENE V

The same characters, joined by Martha and Varsonofiev

Martha

(running in breathless)

Highness, Highness!

Bid them not to kill me, command them to spare me!

Prince Vassily Galitsin

O, hateful witch! O, hateful witch!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

What ails thee Prince? Why this fear? 'Tis but Martha!

Dosithens

What is wrong with thee? Tell me, my daughter dear.

Martha

(recognizing DOSITHENS)

Father, 'tis thou? Just at the gloaming I left Prince Galitsin, but on his threshold there stood a serf. Soon I perceiv'd that he followed me closely. When we reach'd Bielgorod, near to "the Marsh," quickly he seiz'd me and strove hard to drown me, saying thou did'st command it.

(to GALITSIN)

Heav'n be praised! Just then came the Petrovtsy; in the outer court they guard him.

Princes Galitsin and Khovansky and Dosithens

The Petrovtsy!

Martha

Yes! I think that they were strolling out for pleasure.

(enter VARSONOFIEV in great haste)

Varsonofiev

Shaklovity!

SCENE VI

The same characters, and the Boyard Shaklovity

Shaklovity

(enters through the outer door)

My Lords! The Tsarevna has bid me tell you this: At Ismailov is posted a proclamation: "The Khovanskys conspire against the Empire."

Prince Ivan Khovansky

The Khovanskys?

Dosithens

(to PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY)

Abandon hope!

(to SHAKLOVITY)

What saith the Tsar Peter?

KHOVANSTCHINA

Shaklovity

He calls it "Khovanstchina" and commands you to search."

(all are left standing in perplexity)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT II

ACT III

SCENE I

The Old Believers, among them Martha

Zamoskvorechye. The quarter of the GUARDS, opposite to Bielgorod, beyond that side of the Kremlin surrounded by the river Moskva. In the background opposite to the spectators is a solid wooden wall, fastened by huge joists. Beyond the river, a glimpse of Bielgorod. Afternoon.

Old Believers

(behind the scenes: the OLD BELIEVERS passing through the Quarter accompanied by the crowd)

We have triumph'd, we have overcome and put to flight the Evil One, and driven forth his heresy, the root of all the mischief born of the enemy. We have triumph'd, we have overcome, we have triumph'd!

(they appear on the stage)

We have triumph'd, we have overcome and put to flight the Evil One, and driven forth his heresy, the root of all the mischief born of the enemy. We have vanquish'd all the falsehoods of the Devil!

(they disappear behind the wall)

We have triumph'd, we have triumph'd,
The root of ill . . . enemy!

(very faint and distant)

We have triumph'd!

(the stage becomes gradually empty. MARTHA unperceived remains behind the rest)

KHOVANCHTCHINA

SCENE II

Song of Martha, the Old Believer

Martha

(seated on a mound near the house of PRINCE ANDREW KHOVANSKY)

I, a thoughtless young maiden went through the fields
and the marshes dank, thro' the fields and the marshes
dank, thro' the new moan rushes and the wind dried
bent.

(while MARTHA is singing, SUSANNE steals in and overhears her song)

I, poor maiden, grew weak and worn, cold my feet and
by brambles torn. And all my haste was for love's dear
sake, but, alas, my love I could ne'er o'ertake. Ah, then,
poor maiden, I'd softly creep, hoping still to my dear
one's house, tap, and tap at his window pane, stand and
knock at the door of my love in vain; don't you remem-
ber me, O my dear? Ah, has my darling forgotten me?
Thro' the long night have I yearned for thee, and my
heart has been aching thy voice to hear. Like the lights
near the altar set, both our hearts in one flame have met;
all around in the smoke and light, see the souls of the
brethren go by us in flight. False, disloyal thou wert to
me, won, and left me alone to die. Faithless lover, the
time draws nigh, when my vengeance shall follow thy
cruelty.

SCENE III

Martha, Susanne, afterwards Dosithens

Martha

Woe is me!

Susanne

Sin! Black and beyond all pardoning! Ah! see, Hell's
portals yawning! See, the fiends rejoicing, where leap
the flames everlasting; the fumes of pitch and the lurid
fire!

Martha

Mother, O why such terror? Confide in me. Our earthly
pilgrimage is spent toiling thro' a vale of tears and woe.

(aside)

I speak as wisely as a book.

Susanne

(listening)

What is this, child! Would'st thou lie to me? Would'st
thou seek to deceive? I heard thee singing to thyself
shameless songs of love.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Martha

Thou didst hear what I sang just now? Like a spy, came lurking around. Like a common thief you came, just to steal from my heart its old secret grief! Ah! poor ailing woman! Ne'er from the world have I conceal'd my bitter past; nor will I now withhold from thee the truth.

Susanne

Tell me not!

Martha

(draws nearer to SUSANNE)

I can ne'er forget how throbb'd my heart at his vows, low whisper'd, and I feel his kisses yet.

Susanne

Hush, say no more! Spare me such stories! Would'st thou pollute mine ears with words by Satan inspir'd!

Martha

No, mother, no, only hear me out! Had'st thou ever known and felt within, the anguish of a soul consuming love; had'st thou known how madly men can woo, or giv'n thyself gladly, counting no cost, surely many sinners, O Susanna, thou would'st pardon for their sufferings. Surely thou would'st pardon me my sins, for giving them because my sorrow has been great.

Susanne

Am I wand'ring? Holy Saints am I dreaming! Am I upon the verge of madness! or can it be the Devil tempts me? . . . Help, O, help me God!

Martha

(returns to KHOVANSKY'S house and seats herself on the mound)

Don't you remember me, O, my dear?

Susanne

Save me, save me, or e'er the fiend catches me, Lord! My heart is stirr'd to wrath; thoughts of vengeance destroy my peace of mind!

Martha

O, has my darling forgotten me? . . . Thro' the long night have I yearn'd for thee, and my heart has been aching thy voice to hear.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Susanne

(to MARTHA)

Thou, temptress, hast led me astray; thou hast corrupted my soul; thou hast waken'd in me seven deadly sins! Now, let the brethren judge, Yea, let the church enquire as to thy sorceries.

(DOSITHENS is seen leaving KHOVANSKY'S house)

I will denounce thee, witch!

Thou shalt be judged and condemn'd,
burnt at the fiery stake!

(MARTHA perceiving DOSITHENS rises and bows low before him)

Dosithens

(interrupting SUSANNE)

Say, why art thou so wrath?

Martha

Father, come here! Mother Susanne now is angry with me, because I have spoken frankly hiding nothing.

Dosithens

And wherefore art thou angry?

Surely, Susanne, thou art led astray by pride.

(pointing with tenderness to MARTHA)

Why seekest thou to wound the grieving heart of a sister in God?

Susanne

Nay, I will not give way!

Dosithens

Hush! hush, Susanna! Thou givest joy to Belial and all his hosts. Hell itself gave birth unto such fury! See, behind thee stand grinning legions of devils, gnashing and wailing, dancing and howling! O, child of Belial, off with thee! Thou spawn of Beelzebub, off with thee!

(SUSANNE runs away in fear)

There she goes! Fleeing for dear life!

SCENE IV

Martha and Dosithens

Dosithens

(approaching MARTHA)

Ah, dearest child, have patience. Bear with grief a little longer, finding strength. Soon will our Holy Russia need her daughter's service.

KHOVANCHINA

Martha

Cast aside, abandon'd, scoff'd at!

Dosithens

What! Prince Andrew?

Martha

Yes!

Dosithens

Betray'd thee?

Martha

And strove to slay me.

Dosithens

And thou, too, child?

Martha

Like the light at the altar set, both our hearts in one flame had met; all around in the smoke and light, see the souls of the brethren go by us in flight!

Dosithens

To burn, horrible doom! But, daughter, the time has not come.

Martha

Ah! father! Torture unending this passion of mine, day and night it lets me find no rest; for it seems that I have broken God's law, that my love was a sinful forbidden thing. If my poor love then was wrong, father, if love is wrong condemn my sin and chastise me; O, put me to death, for then, in truth my flesh shall perish; but my soul shall be sav'd!

Dosithens

Martha! my poor unhappy suffering child! I, too, have sinned and I, too, need forgiveness. Submit ourselves to the will of God. Now, follow me. Have patience, daughter dear, be not afraid of loving,

(he leads MARTHA away consoling her)

all will be well with thee, come, child.

(exit both)

SCENE V

Shaklovity's Aria

Shaklovity

(enters from the opposite side)

Hush'd the rage of the Guards; Sleep, Russian folk, though foes are watching. Ah, how unhappy thy lot, O,

KHOVANCHTCHINA

my native land. Russia! Who, who, then may deliver and lift thee out of thy distress? Ah, will it be thy fate ere long to fall before thy foes? Do the cruel Germans watch and wait to profit by thy fate? The Tartar yoke many years did oppress thee; and the hand of the Boyards was hard. Ceased has the Tartars heavy tax; ceased has the Boyards' tyranny. But still, thou art distressed; suffering, yet patient! O, my God, Thou who se'est from the boundless expanse of Heav'n our sinful world; who know'est the secrets of all men's hearts, their sorrows and weariness, let thy guiding light shine upon us; have pity on Russia. Let there soon appear in our midst one of Thine elect, who shall raise our land out of suffering. O, God of strength, forgive our errors and hear my prayer. O, let no Russian fall into the hands of ruthless foes.

SCENE VI

Shaklovity, Guards, among them Kouzka,
afterwards the women folk of the Guards

Guards

(behind the scenes)

Get ye up, my lads, arouse!
To wake the dead would not be harder!
Come, awaken brave Guards!

Shaklovity

The flock awakens.
Peaceful and harmless lambs of Prince Ivan Khovansky.
Sing while you may,
Soon your day will be over.

(conceals himself in the street)

Guards

(they come out into the street)

Now, fall in and march Guards!
Say, Comrade, are you feeling fit?
How do last night's flagons sit?
A morning cup would steady me, I'm thinking.
Well, why not? Let's seek a tavern.
Who's for a drink?
Oh, ho! March along!
All is right, there's nothing wrong!
But just here, last night's beer makes me feel
a trifle queer.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Hah! No, we must not blame the wine,
Drunkeness lurks in the wine.
Hay, ho, ho, do not blame the wine!
Reeling, falling, stagg'ring, sprawling, on we go!
Let him sleep awhile, good Christian folks,
Just let him sleep it off.
Hay, hay, don't be beat!
Hay, hay, find your feet.
For your couch at present,
Must be far from pleasant.
Set the town afire, ravage and destroy:
Work your will my jolly fellows.
Hay! If a grudge you bear to some neighbor there,
Theft or gossip, now repay, there's no need to spare.
Now he's waking, hay!
Now he's making a move.
Up he gets, first he sets down his left leg.
Then his right leg, hay!
How you march, Guards,
How you march, old fellow.
Now the row begins.
In the town of Moscow.
Oh, ho! Now then, march bully men!
Have no fear and never flinching
March o'er Russia, guard the Empire.
Ho, now then! March bully men, ho, hay!

Guard Womenfolk

(enter the GUARDS' women in haste who berate their men folk)

Oh, good for nothings, a fine pack of swine,
Oh, shameless spendthrifts, and all drunk as Lords.
None dares scold you, none dares hold you.
Homes and children deserted, wives and babies left to
starve.
Wives and babies, all are starving,
Tipsy pots, swine, drunkards.

Guards

Why are the women all gone frantic?
Come here to vex us and upbraid us?
Scolding, jawing, bearing weapons, too. /
(backing away from the women)
That's enough, stop your row, wives.

K H O V A N C H T C H I N A

SCENE VII

The same, joined by the Scrivener

(the SCRIVENER behind the scenes screaming with terror as though crying for help)
(the SCRIVENER enters breathless)

Scrivener

Woe's me, alas! O, woe is me!
O, I'm exhausted! O, I'm half dead!

Guards

Now, you fool, what's this?
Now, what's this you idiot?
Surely you have had a thrashing.
See he is trembling.
Shaking so, he scarce can breathe
Like a man with ague
Serves him right, the stupid fellow.

Scrivener

O, terrible! No one belabor'd me.
No, no one has injured me,
No one call'd me names,
Or offended my hearing.

Guards

And what made you hit on the bright clever notion
of running to tell us this wonderful rigamarole?

Scrivener

Fear confus'd me, death scared my wits!
But it now matters not, since I must die so soon.
Only a word, friends, before I perish:
I saw the troopers riding full tilt this way.

Guards

The troopers? The troopers?

Scrivener

Let me speak!
While I was at work in the Kitaigorod.
Engaged upon an honorable duty,
Concocting a letter from my heart and soul for the
Lord's sake.
And for the welfare of the faithful. . . .
Hist! Harken!
Distant, measured, tramping of horses,
neighing, clashing of sabres;
Ring of steel and savage cries.

KHOVANCHINA

Guards

Doubtless 'twas you they wanted,
Wanted to take you captive!
Frightened of you my dandy?
Scared by the Scrivener?
Yes, you may depend on't
'Twas you they wanted.

Scrivener

When they arrived near to Bielgorod,
To the part where you Guards are quartered,
Straight they fell without compassion
On women and children, and surrounded them.

Guards

Lies, wicked lies? All falsehoods!

Scrivener

Suddenly came to assist them sprung who knows whence?
The Petrovtsy at full speed: then the fighting began!
Woe's me, your side was beaten back.

Women and Guards

Lackaday! Lackaday! Woe! Woe!

Scrivener

And now, for the good of my health I'd better run!
Phwitt!

(sneaks out unnoticed)

SCENE VIII

The Guards and their women folk, afterwards

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Kouzka

Guards! Ask our captain whether this is true; or if that
infernal Scriv'ner lied about foreign troopers and the
Petrovtsy. Ask him?

Women and Guards

Ask him! Ask him!

Guards

Captain father, hither come. Captain father come to us!

Women

Captain father come to us, come to us.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Guards

We want thee here! Captain father show thyself!

Women

Captain father, father, show thyself.

Guards

We want thee here. Captain father come to us,

Women

We are calling. Captain father come to us.

(PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY shows himself at the upper story of the house and then descends to the steps)

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Good morrow, children, I wish you all good morrow!

Guards and Women

We wish you joy and glory, prosperity and long life!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Wherefore this call upon me?

Has misfortune fallen on you unawares?

Guards and Women

The trooper and Petrovtsy have arrived!

Guards

Lead us against them!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Against them?

Do ye remember, my men, the time we marched in blood to rescue Moscow from the clutches of the traitors? But now, take heed! All now is chang'd. Honor Tsar Peter! Go home, remain indoors, there await in quiet his final judgment. Farewell now, farewell!

(exit)

Guards and Women

O, Lord God, let not our foes o'er come us, but give us peace in our houses, hear us gracious Lord and show mercy.

CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

Tableau I

SCENE I

Prince Ivan Khovansky, Serving Maids and Attendants

A richly furnished dining hall in the residence of PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY, on his estate; the Prince is at the table. On one side of the apartment are gathered together the serving maids who entertain him with their songs.

Serving Girls

Down beside the meadow brooklet, there a handsome swain once slept. When he heard the voice of a maiden, quickly from his couch he leapt. Quickly from his couch he leapt. Wash'd himself so clean and sweet, wash'd and made himself so neat, e'er he went the maid to meet. E'er he went the maid to meet.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Your song is melancholy (God preserve us). Why you might be bearing some poor corpse to its last dwelling. 'Tis true that life just now in Russia is far from gay; there's not much joy among us; so women, spare us such ditties, depressing; of weeping and wailing there's plenty (God preserve us). Now, sing a lively dancing song with chorus. Do you hear me, girls?

Serving Girls

Please say what it should be your Highness!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

I've told you, girls.

Serving Girls

We will sing what your Highness wishes.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Well, speak out what is your choice?

Serving Girls

Haiduchok, Haiduchok?

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Why this whispering? Sing, girls!

Late one night a maid sat yearning, all her waxen

Serving Girls

candles burning,

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Haiduk, Haiduchok! All her waxen candles burning.
(they dance)

All her waxen candles burning! Tho' her lights grow
faint and dim.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Bravo!

Serving Girls

Haiduk! Haiduchok! Tho' her lights grow faint and dim.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

That's right!

Serving Girls

Tho' her lights grow faint and dim, still the maiden
waits for him.

Haiduk! Haiduchok! Still the maiden waits for him. . . .

(enter VARSONOFIEV)

SCENE II

**Prince Ivan Khovansky, Varsonofiev, the Serving Maids
and Attendants**

Prince Ivan Khovansky

What is this? How dar'st thou interrupt?

Varsonofiev

Prince Galitsin commanded me to say,
"Prince have a care, heed me!"

Prince Ivan Khovansky

I must beware?

Varsonofiev

Yes, for a great misfortune is threatening you.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Misfortune? man, art thou mad? Or dreaming?

(to himself)

In my own country. Here in my abode, what approach-
ing danger can there be to fear? Why, 'tis foolish, 'tis
laughable. Galitsin seeks to prove me! "The Poles are
rising! To arms Khovansky! Be on your guard! Well!
Take him to the grooms and bid them entertain him
freely. Broach some mead!

(exit VARSONOFIEV)

And you, women, get you to your quarters.

Now send my Persians here!

(enter the Persian Slaves of PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY)

KHOVANCHTCHINA

SCENE III

The same, with Khovansky's Persian Slaves
Persian Dance

SCENE IV

The same, with Shaklovity

SHAKLOVITY enters

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Why, this honor?

Shaklovity

I come Prince . . .

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Yes, so I perceive; but why?

Shaklovity

Without regard for custom.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

How dare you, sir ?

Shaklovity

Prince!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Well?

Shaklovity

The Tsarevna is greatly griev'd by the sad state of the Russian people; and, therefore, she convenes today the Grand Council.

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Let her! 'Tis nought to me!

I shall not heed her summons.

Shaklovity

Prince!

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Long and faithful service; both by deed and counsel, have I not grudg'd for her, or for the Empire; but now, by Heav'n, she has no lack of counsellors around her.

Shaklovity

'Tis thou whom she has deigned to honor first, Prince, therefore, if thou goest not, there will be no Council, Highness.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Prince Ivan Khovansky

Well, I consent, without delay I will wait upon her.
Once more, 'tis clear, I must confer on our country, the
boon of my opinions. (God preserve us). Ho! Bring
my finest robes of state! My jewell'd cane! and now
sing our praises.

(to the Serving Girls)

Chorus of Waiting Maids

in praise of Prince Ivan Khovansky

Chorus

(unison)

Swim on, glide on, thou snow white swan, Ladour,
Ladour! O, swim to meet thy noble mate, Ladou, Ladou!
Glide on, glide on to meet thy mate, Ladou, Ladou!
Glide on to meet thy fair mate, Ladou, Ladou! Thy
snowy mate awaiteth thee, Ladou, Ladou! and now the
two white swans have met Ladou! Ladou!

(PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY supported by his valets moves towards the door)

We'll sing in praise of the gracious pair, Ladou, Ladou!

The glorious swan and his snowy fair, Ladou, Ladou! Ah!

(PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY is suddenly stabbed on the threshold. He falls with a terrible cry. The maids disperse in terror)

Shaklovity

(approaching the corpse of PRINCE IVAN KHOVANSKY)

Aye! praise and glory my snow white swan.

Ladou, Ladou!

(laughs mockingly)

CURTAIN

SCENE V

Tableau II

The Foreign Troopers and the Populace of Moscow

Moscow. The square in front of the Church of Vassily Blajeny. When the curtain rises, the crowd is seen looking at the outside of the church.

Enter a troop of Cavalry who draw up with their backs to the Church. They are armed with sabres. The people quickly group themselves on the opposite side. Enter mounted troopers. Behind them a carriage; in the rear more troopers. The people watch the procession with eager curiosity.

Chorus of the Populace

Look, quick, look there!

. . . He's coming! Look he's coming!

(a carriage and escort pass out slowly and the troopers, drawn up in the front of the church, follow in the rear)

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Chorus of the Populace

(following the carriage)

Goodbye, may God forgive thee!

Be with thee in exile, Prince.

. . . May the Lord be with thee in thine exile, Prince.

(the Populace follow the cortege slowly, with uncovered heads)

(the stage is left empty)

SCENE VI

Dosithens, afterwards Martha

Dosithens

(entering)

Fulfill'd at length are destiny's decrees; as stern and relentless as will be God's Day of Judgment. Prince Galitsin, once so great and pow'rful, Prince Galitsin, Russia's pride and glory, now fallen, banish'd, gone! And here upon his lonely road, a few slight traces, soon effac'd, are all he's left us! And famed, too, was Khovansky, head of our Guards, yet he's no more! It was his overwhelming pride that brought about his dreadful end; and young Prince Andrew, much I fear for him; in Moscow the people have hailed him Tsar already.

Martha

Father!

Dosithens

Ah! What fresh news dost thou bring, dear daughter? What decision has the Council given against us? What injustice awaits us Old Believers?

Martha

Our hour of tribulation approaches! Foreign troopers will surround us in our Holy retreat. They have their orders to slay us all, having no pity.

Dosithens

Say'st thou?

Martha

'Tis true!

Dosithens

Then, daughter, the time has come to welcome the flames and win the martyr's crown for all eternity! Martha! Prince Andrew must be brought among us. He has not strength, child, to earn his own salvation.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Martha

I'll bring him.

Be strong, my dearest child, thy wond'rous love shall conquer; thou shalt wear a crown in Heav'n with all the Saints. Farewell!

(exit DOSITHENS)

Martha

(alone; ecstatically)

The time has come when I may obtain from God above a martyr's crown of fire, and then glory everlasting.

SCENE VII

Martha and Prince Andrew Khovansky

Prince Andrew Khovansky

(entering in haste — greatly agitated)

Art thou here, then, sorc'ress! Speak, thou snake! Where is my Emma? Confess where she is hidden. O, give her back, my beloved one, my darling! Where, where is she? O, bring her back, my love!

Martha

Emma is now afar, the troopers guard her, and by this time, with God's good help, she is safe with the man whom thou did'st drive from her side; Prince, now they will be wedded.

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Will be wedded? Lies, lies, thou witch! Would'st deceive me? I'll summon here my Guards, aye, I will call upon the people thou fiend, they will rend thee limb from limb!

Martha

I fear not! So it seems thou know'st not, Highness, whither fate is leading thee, thou dost ignore the ways of destiny, for they are honest; free from flattery and from greed; from falsehood and from all injustice.

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Emma, Emma, O, bring her back!

Martha

Prince, thy haughty father has been slain by traitors, stark in his hall, his corpse still lies, awaiting burial. There, alone he sleeps, the wind around him wailing; there,

alone he lies, where prowls the wolf at nighttime. Meanwhile they have sought thee throughout all Moscow.

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Nay, thou liest to me. . . . Be thou accurst of all men! For by the aid of evil spirits thou hast cast a spell upon me, by means of blackest magic, thou hast destroy'd my life and undone me. Ah, sorc'ress did I speak that word, could my soldiers but hear that word magician, straightway thou would'st burn before the people.

Martha

Prince, call thy men.

Prince Andrew Khovansky

In truth?

Martha

Aye! Call!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

(he blows his horn)

What is this?

Martha

Call them again!

(PRINCE ANDREW KHOVANSKY blows again)
(bells behind scenes)

SCENE VIII

The same, with the Guards and their women folk,
afterwards Streshniev, Trumpeters and the "Potesny"

(while the great bell of the Cathedral tolls slowly, the GUARDS enter, bearing blocks and axes; they are followed by their wives)

(bell tolls)

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Mercy on us, O God! All is over!

Canst thou not save me, Martha?

Martha

Hast thou not called thy men?

Prince Andrew Khovansky

O, save me!

Martha

Yes, willingly, my Prince, I know a refuge safe and unfailing. Now come with me.

(the GUARDS place the blocks in position and lay the axes upon them with the blades outwards)

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Women

No! Show no mercy, let them all be punished, faithless apostates, and graceless criminals.

(the GUARDS kneel down before the blocks)

Guards

Lord, God our Father, show thy mercy and forgive us our sins, Amen.

(trumpets of the Poteschny behind the scenes)

Women

No, show no mercy, let them all be punished, faithless apostates, spare them not, O, just Esar.

(trumpets of the Poteschny behind the scenes)

Guards

Father, everlasting show us thy mercy, pardon our sins!

Women

Let them be put to death, O, Tsar, Our Father,
Let them be put to death.

(enter the trumpeters and young STRESHNIEV in his office as Herald — enter the Preobrajensky Guard of the Poteschny company)

Streshniev

Guards! the Emperors and Tsars, Ivan and Peter, have pardon'd you. Return unto your homes and pray that they may reign many years and be prosperous and glorious.

(to the trumpeters)

Now sound the trumpets!

(the GUARDS rise in silence — trumpets sound on stage)

(to the Preobrajensky Guards)

Tsar Peter orders that a march past should take place at once in the Kremlin.

(the GUARDS move on to the Kremlin)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

SCENE I

Dosithens alone

A pine-wood. The hermitage. Moonlight. Enter DOSITHENS; he moves slowly.

Dosithens

Here, upon this spot, the world soon shall see how men can die for its salvation. Ah, what troubles, what cruel pain have I endured thro' the spirit of doubt. Day and night have I sorrowed for the back-sliding and sin of my flock. O, Lord. But my heart has not trembled nor fail'd. Let the will of our Father in Heav'n be fulfill'd! Surely the time is at hand, my brothers, when all my fears for you shall turn to gladness. Earthly delights, the transient pleasures of this world, content you not; ye are awaiting life eternal. Take heart, my brothers! In fervent pray'r ye shall find the strength to appear before your God. Lord of truth, justify our doctrines. May they never perish. Let them remain a living force throughout all the ages to come. Father Almighty!

(in an attitude of prayer)

(the OLD BELIEVERS come out one by one from the Hermitage upon the scene)

SCENE II

Dosithens, Martha and the Old Believers

Dosithens

Brethren! Our cause is lost in this world; throughout all Russia we are persecuted. Khovansky foully murder'd; Galitsin exil'd; and young Prince Andrew, last of our hopes, is now in hiding in our hermitage. Whence come these troubles? From the quarrels of our Princes. Brothers, brothers, soon we must suffer for the ancient faith of our fathers. The soldiers are surrounding our retreat. Lo, Antichrist has come among us. My friends, we will not yield to him. No, let us rather perish!

(addressing the men)

Brethren! May we be fill'd with the word, reveal'd to us in the name of Him who created Heav'n and Earth.

Chorus of Old Believers

O, father, thou our guide and our teacher, through the eternal ages, our hearts are given to God.

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Dosithens

(turning to the women)

Amen! Sisters! Do ye, too, hold the ancient doctrines reveal'd in the name of Him who created Heav'n and Earth?

Chorus of Old Believers

Have no fear for us, O, father, our hearts will not swerve from the service of the Lord.

Dosithens

Amen! Clothe yourselves in festal robes of white; light your tapers to the Lord; then stand and await, for the hour draws near, when we shall burn to the Glory of our God.

Chorus of Old Believers

(bell of the Hermitage — continued throughout the chorus)

Lo, Antichrist has come,
With all his subtle snares,
Arch deceiver, the enemy,
Measureless his malignity.
Death is near. Salvation comes.
Courage, friends. Salvation comes.

(moving toward the Hermitage with DOSITHENS)

By the flame and the fire,
Our spirits shall be purified and cleansed.
To the glory of the Lord Almighty.
To the glory of the Lord Almighty.

(MARTHA remains alone after the others have disappeared into the Hermitage)

SCENE III

Martha, afterwards Prince Andrew Khovansky
and Dosithens

Martha

Time draws on, O, my God, I cannot choose but speak my pain. His treachery today wrings my heart; I suffer thro' him. Father, love was my offense! Lord, hear my pray'r. Could I but save his soul by the aid of his old love for me. Ah, then I should not fear to be shut out of Heav'n. O, God, because thou hast such love for us. pardon me!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

(behind the scenes)

Where art thou, O, my delight? Freedom hast thou taken flight? With my father dost thou hide? Dost thou

KHOVANCHTCHINA

cling to my mother's side? Where art thou O, my young delight, pleasure hast thou taken flight? What has now become of thee, that thou com'st no more to me.

(appearing on the scene)

Emma!

Martha

(to PRINCE ANDREW KHOVANSKY)

Beloved! Ah, recall the first glowing hours of love! Many strange distressful dreams oppress'd me then: E'en in those early days my heart oft mistrusted thee, ached with fear lest thou should'st prove unkind to me. Now calm thyself, Prince!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

Martha!

Martha

Never will I leave thee now, where 'er thou goest I will follow thee. Remember, love! Ah, recall those sultry nights of summer-tide, ah, our whisper'd words of passionate delight! Now a cloud has swept across my heav'n of love, cold as an ice-drift is the grave of our vows. Lo, the moment of death draweth near; my beloved, take my last embrace! Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Dosithens

(comes out of the wood robed in his shroud)
(trumpets of the Poteszny behind the scenes)

Now sound the trump of doom! The time has come when by fire and flame we may obtain the crown of eternal life.

Prince Andrew Khovansky

O, Martha, save me now!

Martha

Save thee, Prince?

(the OLD BELIEVERS gradually assemble on the stage, dressed in white, each carrying a lighted taper. Some of them build up a pyre)

Hear'st thou afar, approaching thro' the forest, loud sounds of trumpets? 'Tis the troopers advancing. Soon they will surround us and take us; where could I hide thee? How could I save thee? Behold, how closely fate has bound our lots together, decreeing that we in death should be united. Nor tears, nor entreaties, nor curses, can avail thee, since fate has ordain'd that here thou should'st perish!

KHOVANCHTCHINA

Prince Andrew Khovansky

O, Martha, pity me, help me, help me!

Martha

Come, follow me, Prince. See, the brethren moving; now the holy flames await their willing victims. Now recall the first glowing hours of love, how we whisper'd words of passionate delight amid the flames and fire, shall thy broken vow be renew'd?

(PRINCE ANDREW KHOVANSKY mounts the pyre)

SCENE IV (Finale)

Martha, Prince Andrew Khovansky, Dosithens and the Old Believers, towards the end, the Petrovtsy "Poteszny"

(trumpets behind the scenes)

Chorus of Old Believers

(on the pyre)

God of all glory, appear to us in Thy Heav'n!

Dosithens

Ah, my flock! Take courage now! In truth and love our Lord will shine upon us soon. Let all the snares of the flesh and Satan perish, for we shall see God face to face.

Final Chorus

(MARTHA sets the pyre alight with her taper)

Martha and Old Believers

O, Lord God, Thou our protector.

Thou our help and shield.

(trumpets off the stage, but nearer)

Take us to Thy care.

(trumpets off the stage)

(the pyre blazes more and more fiercely)

Dosithens and Chorus of Old Believers

O, God of justice, pardon all our sins!

Withdraw not our spirit from us.

Martha

Ah, recall those glowing hours of bliss!

Prince Andrew Khovansky

O, Emma, Emma!

Dosithens and Chorus of Old Believers

Amen!

(all are overcome by the flames. Enter the trumpeters followed by the company of Poteszny. All fall back horror stricken at the sight of the pyre)

CURTAIN DESCENDS SLOWLY

END OF OPERA

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| 2. " | O Cieli Azzurri (O Skies Cerulean) |
| 3. Ballo in
Maschera, Un | Saper vorreste (If you are asking) |
| 4. Boheme, La | Si mi chiamano Mimi (They call me Mimi) |
| 5. " " | Quando m'en vo soletta (As thro' the streets) |
| 6. " " | Donde lieta (To the Home that she left) |
| 7. Falstaff | Sul fi d'un soffio etesio (From sweet covers and bowers) |
| 8. Gianni Schicchi | O mio babbino caro (Oh! my beloved daddy) |
| 9. Gioconda, La | Suicidio (Ah! suicide) |
| 10. Girl of the
Golden West, The | Oh, se sapeste (Oh! you've no notion) |
| 11. Iris | Leggenda: Un di ero piccina (Once in my childhood) |
| 12. Lohengrin | Sogno di Elsa (Elsa's Dream) |
| 13. Madam Butterfly | Un bel di vedremo (One fine day) |
| 14. " " | Ancora un passo (Butterfly's entrance) |
| 15. " " | Che tua madre (That your mother should take you) |
| 16. Manon Lescaut | In quelle trine morbide (In those soft silken curtains) |
| 17. " " | L'ora, o Tirsi, è vaga e bella (These are hours of joy creating) |
| 18. Mefistofele | L'altra notte in fondo al mare (Last night in the deep sea) |
| 19. Nerone | A notte cupa . . . (When night has fallen) |
| 20. " | Invan mi danni (Thy sentence is useless) |
| 21. Otello | Salce (Willow song) |
| 22. " | Ave Maria |
| 23. Rigoletto | Caro nome (Dearest name) |
| 24. Tosca | Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore (Love and music) |
| 25. " | Non la sospiri (In secret, hidden from care) |
| 26. Traviata, La | Ah forse è lui che l'anima (Can it be he whose image fair?) |
| 27. Trovatore, Il | Tacea la notte placida ('Twas night and all around was still) |
| 28. " " | D'amor sull' ali rosee (Breeze of the night) |
| 29. Turandot | Signore ascolta (Oh! I entreat thee, Sire!) |
| 30. " | In questa reggia (Within this Palace) |
| 31. " | Tu che di gel sei cinta (Thou who with ice art girdled) |
| 32. Wally, La | Ebben? Ne andrò lontana (Farewell to my home) |

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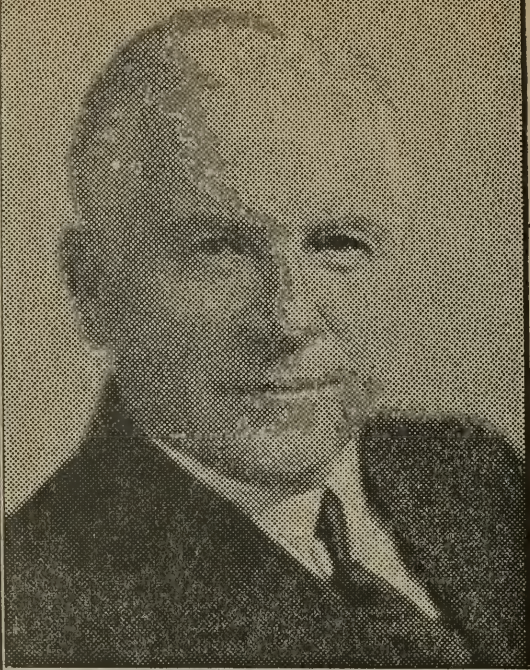
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| 2. <i>Aida</i> | Celeste Aida! (Heavenly Aida!) |
| 3. <i>Anima Allegra</i> | E arrivata Primavera ad Alminar (The Spring has come to Alminar) |
| 4. <i>Boheme, La</i> | Che gelida manina (Your tiny hand is frozen) |
| 5. <i>Elisird'Amore, L'</i> | Una furtiva lagrima (Down her pale cheek) |
| 6. <i>Don Pasquale</i> | Com' è gentil (How pure the air) |
| 7. <i>Falstaff</i> | Dal labbro il canto (From fervid lips) |
| 8. <i>Faust</i> | Salut demeure chaste et pure (All hail, abode so pure and lowly) |
| 9. <i>Gioconda, La</i> | Cielo e mar! (Heaven and Ocean!) |
| 10. <i>Girl of the Golden West, The</i> | Ch' ella mi creda (Let her believe) |
| 11. " " " " | Or son sei mesi che mio padre morì (My father died just six months ago) |
| 12. <i>Iris</i> | Apri la tua finestra (Open thy window, maiden) |
| 13. <i>Loreley</i> | Nel verde maggio (Once in the May time) |
| 14. <i>Madam Butterfly</i> | Amore o grillo (Love or Fancy) |
| 15. " " | Addio fiorito asil (Farewell, O happy home) |
| 16. <i>Manon Lescaut</i> | Donna non vidi mai (Never did I behold so fair a maiden) |
| 17. " " " " | Tra voi belle (Now, among you) |
| 18. <i>Martha</i> | M'appari tutt'amor (Soft and pure, fraught with love) |
| 19. <i>Mefistofele</i> | Dai campi, dai prati (From the fields, from the groves) |
| 20. " | Giunto sul passo estremo (Nearing the extreme limit) |
| 21. <i>Otello</i> | Dio! mi potevi scagliar (Heaven, had it pleased thee to try me) |
| 22. " | Ora e per sempre addio (And now, forever farewell) |
| 23. <i>Rigoletto</i> | La donna è mobile (Woman's a fickle jade) |
| 24. " | Questa o quella (When a charmer) |
| 25. <i>Tabarro, Il</i> | Hai ben ragione (Yes, you are right) |
| 26. <i>Tosca</i> | Racondita armonia (Strange harmony of contrasts) |
| 27. " | E lucevan le stelle (When the stars were brightly shining) |
| 28. <i>Traviata, La</i> | De' miei bollenti spiriti (Far from the world of fashion) |
| 29. <i>Trovatore, Il</i> | Ah! che la morte (Ah! I have sighed) |
| 30. " " | Ah, sì! ben mio (Ah! yes, thou'rt mine) |
| 31. " " | Deserto sulla terra (Lonely I wander) |
| 32. <i>Turandot</i> | Non piangere Liù (O weep no more, Liù) |
| 33. " | Nessun dorma (None shall sleep tonight) |
| 34. <i>Villi, Le</i> | Torna ai felici di (Back to the vanished years) |
| 35. <i>Wally, La</i> | M'hai salvato (You that saved me) |

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